

I and Love and You

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Summary: A series of drabbles and musings revolving various characters from story of seasons. Non-linear and focusing on imagery, simplicity and brevity. Every scene is a small snapshot of a larger theme, issue, or story line. Although the story starts with Annie, there will be more characters added soon.

1. I and Love and You

I and Love and You

Annie stepped off the cobblestone platform after the train lurched to a stop. Right hand on her luggage, left hand holding her straw hat onto her head, she took her first steps towards her new life. In just a few feet, she would be walking through the large, wooden gates leading into Oak Tree Town, her new home for the next few years of her life. She inhaled shakily, pushing herself forward.

In the summer of her twentieth year, there was a man who entered her life, irrevocably entangling himself with everything Annie loved.

His soft white hair brushing against her warm skin; his rough, dark hands tracing circles on her lower back, and the sunâ€¦The sun was setting. Within the reds, yellows, and oranges, she found herself entranced, unable to look away. Dew covered grass kissed her bare legs as she leaned back, eyes never leaving the sky. He turned, looking down at her; his eyes begging for attention. Her caramel eyes found their way to his- sparkling like rubies in the slow, dimming light.

"Hello, you must be Annie." A woman greeted as Annie quietly slipped through the door of what appeared to be a town hall. She nodded, her strawberry locks bouncing around her thin face,

"Mhm." She hummed, "You must be Miss Veronica." She said, reaching

out her hand, "It's a pleasure to finally meet you." The woman smiled, never breaking her elegant demeanor, and motioned for Annie to follow her. They left as the sun had begun to set- dark blues and violets emerging from underneath the once lightly colored sky.

During the winter of her twenty-first year, just a few days short of her birthday, Annie had awoken during the early hours of the morning.

A cigarette hanging from her pale, chapped lips, she slipped out though the screen door of her apartment. He was sitting on the concrete steps, watching as the sky, yet again, turned from those dark blues and violets to the mesmerizing reds, yellows, and oranges Annie so loved. Knees cracking as she took her place beside him, she scooted closer, resting her head on his shoulder. "You always watch the sunset; you've never watched the sunrise."

Annie lifted her head, staring into his cold, dark eyes. They didn't sparkle the same as they had the summer when they first met. "I'm leaving." He said, and she knew he meant it that time.

"You'll be staying with Madam Eda until your house is finished; I'm sorry if I didn't make that clear over the phone." Veronica said, sighing as she tucked a copper strand of hair behind her ear. "I'm sure this move has been just as chaotic for you as it has been for us." She smiled faintly, scanning the distance surrounding the fields. Annie shrugged her shoulders,

"I'm sure it won't be a problem." She replied, nodding towards the older woman, Eda. "It will do me good to learn the techniques before being on my own." Eda chuckled, waving her hand towards the quaint, yellow house.

"Come now, say goodbye to Veronica and let's get you some sleep. You have a big day tomorrow." Eda said, heading home as Annie waved goodbye to Veronica.

"Fritz will be quite excited to meet you here soon." Eda said as Annie caught up with her. "He's excited to have a new 'farming rival', as he likes to put it, but I don't doubt that he'll be any less pleased to see what a looker you are." Eda teased, shaking her head. "You have to watch out for that one; he's a fireball." Annie's grin melted off her face as she glanced up towards the night sky.

A farmer, a gardenerâ€¦What difference did it make?

By the time he finally stood up from the concrete steps, the sun had already risen to the sky. The cold, winter wind licked Annie's bare skin. A lighter, another cigarette, and a cold cup of coffeeâ€¦Her hands- shaking. He said, "I love you."

Annie mumbled the words back under her breath, lips frozen, eyes glued to the ground.

2. Head Full of Doubt

**Hey, so I kind of started this little experiment with zero explanations and I'm really sorry about that. This is just kind of a

side project to practice writing more with less. Essentially, I want to explore the idea of brevity while focusing on conveying emotion through imagery and little dialogue. Most of these drabbles will not be linear, as in I will jump back and forth through time often. So, while this chapter is so clearly written during the summer, the first was definitely in spring, the next might be somewhere in between. I hope everyone enjoys my little project, feel free to give me any feedback, even if it's just to say: keep up the good work, or, I really enjoy this. I love to see what people are thinking. If you are craving more of my writing, check out 50 First Dates. Thank you, have a great evening!**

* * *

><p>Head Full of Doubt<p>

Fritz felt the cold water of the river rush over his hot, sun kissed skin. Arms spread out; he floated at just the top, suspended in the cool water. Eyes squinting towards the sky, he watched the clouds shift as the wind pulled them about in various directions- thin wisps of white reaching towards the north until they separated completely.

The early evening cicadas had already begun to chirp, calling out for their friends to emerge with them. Their loud calls echoing through Piedmont's clearing, demanding his full attention. Minutes passed as he drifted in silence, watching the clouds, listening to the insects. Eventually, the very tips of his fingers intertwined with a long, sturdy string floating next to him. It jerked violently, paired with a woman's voice, scolding him for his daydreaming. "Fritz, you're going to get all wrapped up in my fishing line." Annie sighed, reeling the string in before he could ruin it further.

His silence, his moment of peace, was disturbed just as quickly as it had begun. He was destroying something again. "I didn't always want to be a farmer, you know?" He asked, drifting further down the stream, never bothering to move out of the way.

Piles of books surrounded him as he sat at his desk, pouring over the meaningless words before him. The clock read four-thirty in the morning and the sun would be rising through the window soon, signaling that it was time for him to go to class. He had lost track of how many hours he'd spend working on homework that night on top of his shift at the local fast-food restaurant. His mother had always wanted him to get a college education; it was mentioned in her will after she passed away. As a single mother, she had done everything she possibly could've for her son, even if that meant saving what little extra cash she earned.

"I don't think anyone ever wants to be a farmer." Annie rolled her eyes coldly, casting her fishing line back out into the river. "I wanted to be an artist." Fritz nodded his head, paddling back towards the dock. The temperature was starting to drop and the river no longer felt refreshing. He shivered, pulling himself up out of the water and laying down on the dock next to Annie. The warm wood radiated throughout his soaking clothes.

Numbers and equations, equations and numbersâ€|Over and over, countless numbers filled the once white, blank pages until there was nothing else. Just numbers and equations. Fritz wasn't even sure if

he knew what he was doing- he was just mindlessly writing, no, scribbling, furiously over the pages. There were only a few more problems left- just five more and then he could sleep for maybe an hour or eve two. A little rest is better than none, but the quality of work he was producing was terrible. Another poor mark and he'd have, at the very most, a D in the class.

One more mark, and his grade point average would drop just a little more.

"I thought I wanted to be an astronomer or a physicist; I used to love everything with math." Fritz said, tracing patterns into the dock with droplets of water. Annie shrugged her shoulders,

"Sometimes things just don't work out the way you plan." She said, never looking away from the river. Her voice was softer, just a little gentler than before, "You could be a great farmer." Fritz rolled onto his back, looking back up at the sky. The sun was setting and he knew Annie would want to leave sooner rather than later- she hated sunsets for reasons unknown to him.

The Dean of Student's office was darker than Fritz had originally expected. Faux leather covered every piece of furniture aside from the tall book cases and the wooden desk. Hands damp with sweat, Fritz took his seat, hanging his head low. "Some people just aren't cut out for college."

End
file.